

We are nearing (or perhaps surpassing?) day 60 of the lovely lazy prison we call quarantine. I've just woken up from my 5-hour night of sleep after staying up late to draw butterflies and fairies (quite therapeutic). My short night of sleep was interrupted by the usual noise of drills, saws, and general commotion. For the entirety of quarantine (and my school year) my family and I have had construction to build a new pool in the backyard. The construction has always bothered me, it's never the best feeling to wake up to the sound of jackhammering on solid rock on a Saturday morning, and have to deal with the tricky parking situation when arriving home from school. With quarantine, though, I have no solace from the constant bumble of people working on our house. As of recently, though, I have found that my excitement for a new pool has outweighed my irritation with the construction. Anyways, my family and I are lucky to still be able to have this project going on, and to not be one of those construction-project-never-finished situations (my dad would not come out of that sane). Excitingly, the pool and renovated basement will be finished and ready-to-use in just a few weeks, and all the hard work will finally be paid off!

Another thing nearing its end is my school year. It is safe to say that my McCallum junior year experience had a quite a fickle ending. The online-experience, as everyone knows, cannot replace the in-person contact of physically going to class and being at school. I miss going to off-campus lunch at McDonalds with my friends, and being able to talk in class without worrying whether my microphone is muted or not. I miss wearing clothes for the sake of showing them off to all the citizens of the world, and oh how I wish I could show off my botched quarantine haircut to all the homies (the jagged look is lowkey fire). This sudden stop of real life and normal social interaction has taken weeks to get to used to, but I think that i've acclimated. Slowly but surely I have been able to regularly see my friends (safely). Just a couple days ago I made the decision

to drive through torrential rains to watch projector-horror-movies with my friends (worth it!), though i'll have to put more thought into the weather next time...

All in all, I'm seeing hope on this hand sanitizer-soaked horizon, and maybe even a surplus in toilet paper. Praying to the universe that my senior year won't be as... unconventional as this one, and that I won't have to experience what our class of 2020 has. What I would give to have a normal central market trip again.

Keep up that social distance grind! Scarlett (19 May 2020)



